

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1919

No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

LAUS DEO	81
WHAT SHALL BE THE FUTURE RELIGION OF THE UNITED STATES?	81
THE STILL HOUR:—	
RING OUT, WILD BELLS	84
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	84
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
TRAINING THE FEELINGS	87
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
A GRATEFUL PATIENT	88
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE	89
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	91
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	92
IMPORTANT NOTICES	92

LAUS DEO

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:—

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad!
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,—
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,—
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice;
It shall give the dumb a voice;
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

WHAT SHALL BE THE FUTURE RELIGION OF THE UNITED STATES?

"He who sat on the throne said, Behold, I make all things
new."—REVELATION XXI. 5.

God is evermore making all things new.
He makes a new heaven and a new earth
for us with all the changing seasons. The
Spring comes new to us, with its over-
flowing tide of new grasses springing from

the ground, new leaves, a new incursion of living beings—insects, fishes, birds. Summer comes new with its sunny days, flowers and fruits. Autumn comes new with its ripening harvests; and Winter gives us a new heaven and new earth, revealing the far horizon, the delicate outlines of the trees, and the pure snow.

At the beginning of the year we look forward, expecting new things. I will ask you to look forward into the future this morning, to see what is likely to be the American religion of the future. I will give first the negative, then the positive answer.

First, we may be assured that no one of the existing churches or sects is to swallow up the rest. People are sometimes afraid lest the Roman Catholic Church should get possession of this country. Seeing its rapid increase, its great churches crowded with worshippers, its admirable discipline, its uncompromising self-assertion, we are apt to think that nothing can check its march. But we really should have more to fear from it if its claims were less absolute. Claiming to be the only true church, out of which there is no salvation, it risks its cause on a statement which is contradicted by the history of three hundred years. The test of the Master confutes it, "The tree is known by its fruits." The Catholic tree bears good fruit, but no better than the Protestant tree. Faith, hope, charity, are to be found in both. Truth, honesty, patience, humility, flourish in both soils. To make good its enormous claim, it ought to show that there is *no* Christian goodness in the Protestant churches, and *no* anti-Christian conduct in its own. And as it asserts that it is always one and the same unchanging oracle, the only holy apostolic and universal church, it is bound to prove that there never has been anything opposed to the spirit of the Master in its past conduct and institutions. The church which exalts itself, no less than the man who exalts himself, shall be abased.

Whenever and wherever the Roman Catholic Church regards itself only as one laborer in the field of Christ with other companions, we are grateful for its important work. There are great multitudes whom it can reach, who are inaccessible to us. Its ingenious methods, its lovely charities, its fraternities, its compact movement, its excellent internal discipline, adapt it to extensive usefulness.

It is certainly to the credit of the Roman Catholic Church and priesthood that they have kept their hold on such a large por-

tion of the emigrants of the same faith who have come to this country from Europe. If they had not been generally faithful and devoted to their work, they could not have done this. They may long retain through affection that which knowledge must at last take from them. The whole theory of the Papal Church is opposed to the fundamental beliefs of our age, to the tendency of opinion, to the spirit of inquiry, the results of science, the larger needs of the human soul. We therefore welcome the Roman Catholic Church to do all the good it can among us, sure that the boundaries which it can never pass are fixed in the very nature of things. Its system will never be the church of the future.

Nor is it likely that any one of the existing Protestant denominations is to absorb the rest into itself. Each does its own work—finds those who, by nature, education and habit, belong to it, and takes them into its enclosure. Some men are born Methodists, some are born Episcopalians, some Presbyterians, some tend to the freest and most rational form of religion. Sooner or later each finds his way to his place—the place which suits him and does him good. Not till all men are made alike will they, in a land of free thought and free speech, adhere to any one form of religion.

But, on the other hand, I see no evidence that the people of this country will cease to be Christian believers. Men cannot live without religion. The most universal as well as the most remarkable fact in the history of man is the fact of his religious aspiration. Fixed in this material body, surrounded by these objects of sense, drawn by daily necessities and natural appetites to the outward world, man everywhere, since his human history began, looks up out of time into eternity, out of space into immensity, out of sense into spirit. He adores and worships the infinite and eternal. In his darkness he believes in omniscience. Weak as a breaking wave, he trusts in an omnipotent power. Sinful, he believes in redemption and salvation. Drawing every day nearer to certain death, he universally relies on the coming of immortal life. Such are the deep-rooted instincts of his soul. All these to be destroyed by theories of materialism, by arguments drawn from sense? Man is too noble to believe in such dogmas. These heresies confute themselves. While a few atheists or unbelievers seek to take away from the mass of laboring, suffering

men that Christianity which is "the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched," the churches everywhere are more active, more zealous, more able to guide and direct these religious aspirations.

Nor is there any evidence that we shall give up Christianity in this land. The attacks made on the religion of Christ fall powerless. If man needs religion, civilized man needs the highest form of religion, and the religion of Jesus holds the highest place among the religions of the world. Uniting the love of God with the love of man; uniting faith and reason, piety and morality, truth and love; with its sacred Scriptures filled with a deeper inspiration and a fuller life than any others, it is the teacher of youth, the companion of manhood, and the strength of age. It rejoices with those who rejoice, and weeps with those who weep. It is the support of sound morals, the strong defence of law and order on the one side, freedom and human rights on the other. It restrains the powerful, and lifts up the weak. It helps on human progress, and is a comfort to human woe. All the shafts of those who attack it fall powerless, for they miss their mark. They strike at the human abuses which have collected around it—not at Christianity itself.

Everything is in a state of flux and change. Old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. The tendency is always to make the creeds more rational, more human, more spiritual. All the churches are coming nearer to each other, entering into the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. The old wars of dogma are drawing to an end. Nobody now takes any interest in those old theological controversies in which our fathers delighted.

All the churches now see more of God in nature, reason, human life, than they formerly did. They find God present, not only in the Scriptures, but in the intuitions of the soul, the voice of conscience, the discoveries of science, the revelations of history. He comes to us outwardly in nature, in every rosy dawn and purple sunset, in the untranslatable beauty of the summer woods, the sweet smile of infancy, in every cry of the human heart for light, love, and peace. Thus the church is learning to see more of God, not less, and to know him more truly and intimately. Shallow minds are led by physical science into materialism; but all truly scientific intellects see an added mystery of divinest wonder in each new discovery of the human reason.

In the marvels of electricity, the strange revelations of animal and vegetable life, God comes nearer to us every day. His Spirit informs all of nature, and fills our souls with a deeper sense of the all-pervading life of omniscience. Heaven, which lay about us in our infancy, which stood in our old faith in some far-off future, is now seen as an ever-present, universal heaven, into which we can all enter whenever we will. We used to believe with Martha, that God would raise up our friends in the last day; now we believe with Christ, that the dead are living, and that those who are alive shall never die.

Thus the church of the future will become more spiritual as it becomes more rational. We are not to have less religion than our fathers had, but infinitely more.

And as religion becomes more truly spiritual, so it will become more humane, philanthropic, and practical. It will be seen that, as Christ came to seek and save the lost, so his followers are truly his followers only as they are doing something to make the world happier and better. Religion will not hereafter begin with anxiety about our own soul, but in a wish to help the souls of others. A man will not be considered converted when he has gone through some inward experience which is to make him sure of heaven, but when he has given himself to helping his fellow-men. He has begun to be good who has begun to do good. We are born again when we pass out of selfishness into generosity, out of love of our own happiness into the wish to make others happy.

If we are to look forward a hundred years and ask what will be the American Church of the future, we must look for it along these lines of present tendency. Instead of contending sects, it will have co-operating sections all working together for the one great end. It will realize the noble figure of the apostle—"many members, but one body." It will combine union with freedom, individual thought and a common purpose. Revelation will be interpreted by the light of reason, and science will be made alive by the sense of Divine presence. Sunday services, Common Prayers, and the rest of the Lord's Day worship will be regarded as helps and preparations for the religion of daily work, and daily intercourse of man with man. Then will come the unity of the Church predicted by Christ: "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, so they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." When the whole church is inspired

with Divine and human love, and unites reason, charity, practical goodness, with reverence for all truth, then infidelity will cease, and every tongue confess that Jesus is the real master of mankind, not ruling it by dogmatic authority, but an all-attractive influence.

In this year may we all come nearer to God by trust and obedience, nearer to each other by love and service. May we make some progress in things natural and divine, learning patience, fidelity, generosity, and purity of heart. This is what will make us ready to live or to die, this will fill our homes with love and peace, and give us an immortal hope which nothing shall ever harm or change.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The Year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The Year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,—
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,—
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—*Charles Mackay.*

When we are open to the Spirit, and let that flow into all our work, thought, and life, then everything is vitalized. Then the Bible becomes a new book, full of intense interest; nature is new, being full of God; man becomes a new creature, with a new heaven and a new earth.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following books are offered by Mrs. C. B. Fawcett, 7043 Willard St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: "Essentials of Psychology," Pillsbury; "Conversational Dictionary," Baedeker; "Baseball Joe of the Silver Stars," Chadwick; "Buddie," Ray; "Sally," Mrs. Tubbs; "Sidney," "Under the Holly," "Tum-Tum, the Jolly Elephant," Barnum; "Squinty, the Comical Pig," Barnum; "Flower Children," Gordon; "Bird Children," Gordon; "Land of Play," Verse; "Rhymes, Stories, Lifferts," "Boy Scouts of the Canal Zone," Ralphson; "Newsboys Partners," Webster; "Mother West Wind Burgess," "Swiss Stories," Spyri; "Settle at Home," Martineau; "Black Beauty," Sewell; "Little Wrinkled Old Man," Thurston; "Out of Doors with Tennyson," "Joyful Heatherby," Erskine; "Kenny Dalrymple," "Three Years Behind the Guns," Tisdale; "Short Rations," Doty; "Tilda Jane," Saunders; "Life of Christ," Farrar; "King of the Golden River," Ru-

kin; "Wonder Book," Hawthorne; "Rollo at School," Abbott; "Rollo at Play," Abbott; Fifth Reader, Judson & Bender; "Miss Anne," Bailey; "Road Builders," Merwin; Physiology and Hygiene, Huxley & Youmans; Trigonometry, Kenyon & Ingold; English Grammar and Composition, Conklin; Greek Course in English, Wilkinson; "Via Veritas Vitæ"; "Hibbert Lectures," Drummond; "For the Honor of Randall," Chadwick; "Frank Merriwell's Return to Yale," Standish (two copies); "Composition and Rhetoric," Blaisdell; *Nature Study Review* (five issues); "Storming Vicksburg," Dunn; "Rifle Rangers," Reid; "How to Write Business Letters," Smart; Fifth Reader, Arnold & Gilbert; "Old, Old Story," R. N. Carey; "Among Malay Pirates," Henty; "Good Health," Jewett; "Greenacre Girls," Forrester; "Traitor's Way," Levett-Yeats; "Battling the Big Horn," Lamar; "Heart Life," Cuyler; "The Culprit Fay," Drake; Elementary Speller, Hunt; "The Nuremberg Stove," de la Ramé; "Dave Darren's Third Year at Annapolis," Hancock; Plane Trigonometry and Tables, Wentworth; "Jack Ranger's School Victories," Young; "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales for Children," Kingsley; "The Boy Geologist," Houston; "Elementary Chemistry," Clarke & Dennis; "Stories from Hiawatha," 5, 6, 7, 8; "Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow; "Æsop's Fables"; "Commercial Arithmetic," Moore.

Miss Elizabeth Kingman, West Bridgewater, Mass., will be glad to mail her copy of the *Christian Register* (the religious weekly paper), after reading, to any one who would care to receive it regularly.

REQUESTS.

1. I now teach in a remote part of Charlotte County, Virginia, nine miles from the railroad. I ask for literature, and hope the request will not weary you. I shall appreciate books of recitation and short dialogues, drills, and so on, for entertainments; also supplementary reading for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. I should like *Current Events*, the *National Geographic Magazine*, *Normal Instructor* and *Primary Plans*, or other educational magazine; drawing books and art magazines, and any books or literature suitable for a school library; a copy of "Tarr's Physical Geography," and some of the new books of fiction. I shall be very glad to get copies of *Everybody's Magazine* for June, July, and August, 1909,—in fact, any

good literature the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* can send. Any or all these I should receive with gratitude. Sue M. Hardil, Red Oak, Charlotte County, Virginia.

2. I thank you for the reading you have sent me, especially Mrs. Fisher for the *Home Companion*. I should be pleased to get reading for this winter, especially a history of Australia, or any book or magazine. Please also send reading to my son, Frank L. Short. His address is Troop A, 16th Cavalry, Mercedes, Texas. My boy in France I hope will be home soon, now this awful war is over. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia.

3. I wish to thank every one through *The Cheerful Letter* for the help given me last year for the tree at my school. Each child enjoyed it so much, and I earnestly believe each one of you who sent things would have enjoyed it just as much as the children if you could have been there and seen their happy faces and how much they appreciated it. I answered some of the cards and letters I got, and some I did not get to, as I was so busy, so I am thanking you all in this way; especially Miss Suter, she sent me so much. I am teaching again this winter. I have about thirty pupils, mostly small children, and I shall appreciate anything sent to help me with them. I should also like some magazines to read, that people are through with. I pass most of my reading on to others. Fannie Bramer, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1.

4. Ossipee Mills has a large boarding-house called Ossipee Hotel, fitted for the accommodation of those who want good board while they work in the mill. I have been furnishing them something to read, but gave out the last I had on Sunday night. We should be glad of magazines or books. Please send to Mr. Howard Angel or to myself, Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Elon College, North Carolina.

5. Permit me to thank you and all the Cheerful Letter ladies for remembering me in the past, for you have almost made cloudy days bright for me; otherwise they would have been lonely! I should be glad of a little more reading, as I have not received any for a long time. Now it is growing cold and I should appreciate some reading for Sundays. I thank the ladies for all the scraps they have sent me; more would be appreciated. Mrs. L. J. Haynes, Sanville, Virginia.

6. I am an orphan girl thirteen years old. I should be thankful for any books or magazines you may send me. My pastor is

Rev. W. J. Craddock, Elamsville, Virginia. I live in the country many miles from the railroad. I should like a birthday-card "shower" on my birthday, January 22. Bernice Frie, Elamsville, Virginia.

7. I wish to thank you all for your kindness to us. I have had a lot of trouble this year, but am thankful it is no worse than it is. My youngest girl, Bessie, has been in the hospital five months this year; is at home now, but far from well. And I have two babies at my house. My daughter's is a war baby, and his daddy is in France. He is a fine little fellow, ten weeks old. His mother is in bed, living on malted milk and Nestle's food. She is not strong. My son's baby is a girl, five weeks old. We have the Spanish influenza here; have had one case in my family. I never heard of so many deaths among the negroes. They have a church and cemetery near my house. Yesterday there were four buried; all died with influenza. Christmas will soon be here and the children will of course look for Santa Claus. If any of you should have anything to spare us we should be grateful. The poor negroes are having such a hard time. I should be glad to have something for them; and it doesn't matter how old anything is, they will be glad to get it; and my little band of children and old ladies will appreciate anything sent us. Bessie can do fancy work and would be glad to get even a little crochet thread or any odds and ends one might have to spare. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia, R. F. D. 3.

8. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness this year, and I hope they will still remember me and my four little children. Mrs. Fannie Thompson, Unionville, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, Box 31.

9. I wish to thank you for the reading, also the cards and books for the children. We enjoyed them very much. I should appreciate it if some one would send me *To-day's Housewife* and *McCall's Magazine*; they are good and helpful to any one. The 1917 and 1918 numbers would be welcome. I should also be glad of *The Cheerful Letter* paper. Mrs. Oscar Jandon, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3.

10. I do not feel like I am any stranger to the dear *Cheerful Letter*, as I have been receiving the paper for several years and used to receive reading from it; but have not received any for some years. I did so much enjoy the letters I used to receive, and I should like to receive some now. But I do not feel able to afford the postage; I

am a widow and have four children, and all they and I can make has to go for our support. When I last wrote to *The Cheerful Letter* my dear husband was living. He has now been dead three years and two months, and I feel so much alone. I have three girls and one boy. The girls are in the fifth grade; the little boy is in the second grade. Any literature that will help the children in their studies will be thankfully received. The girls find geography and arithmetic hardest of all their studies. I should like for myself, if possible, the *Woman's Home Companion*. Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Texas.

11. I am again asking for something to read, as winter is coming on and I am very lonely. I have two children, aged nine and six years. I should appreciate some story-books and cards for them. I should also be very grateful for "The Second Coming of Christ" or any good novels. Scraps for patchwork would also be appreciated. Mrs. C. D. Gilbert, Sandidge, Virginia, R. F. D. 2.

12. Will some of the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* please send Mrs. Sophronia Watson, Boomer, North Carolina, something to cheer her up? She is only thirty years old, has two children, and is confined to bed, perhaps for life. Her ten-year-old daughter does all the housework besides nursing her mother. She will be kept out of school this year, and any book, pictures, or magazines will be gladly received. Her name is Mae Watson. She is a very bright child and is doing the work of a grown girl. She also takes care of her three-year-old brother. He likes pictures too, and cries for the "funny papers." It is certainly a worthy case, and any books, magazines, or scraps for patchwork will be greatly appreciated. This appeal is made by a friend.

13. I wish to thank you all for sending me papers and patchwork. F. L. Weaver please write. I wrote before, thanking you all, but the letter wasn't printed. Will some of the *Cheerful Letter* ladies please send me a few books; perhaps "Rhoda Thornton's Girlhood," by Mary E. Pratt; "How to Speak and Write Correctly," by Mrs. L. Knox; or "The Princess Passes," by N. & A. M. Williamson? Sister would like "Arabian Nights." Minnie A. Turner, Doan, Virginia.

14. Mrs. W. I. Collins, Tolar, Texas, Route 2, Box 52, a widow with four children, asks for reading matter, which she will pass along to others. Her oldest girl is fourteen.

15. Mrs. O. E. Marshall, Foster Falls, Virginia, is grateful for what has been sent her and asks that cheer be sent them this coming winter. Her husband died a year ago and she is very lonely.

16. I am a poor widow with five small children aged from two to eleven years, three girls and two boys. My husband was killed two years ago and no one knows how I miss him! Dear friends, will you kindly send me reading for myself and story-books for my smaller children; I have no means at all to buy reading, for it is all I can do to make a living. Will some of you please write me cheerful letters, and send me a few quilt pieces? I shall be more than thankful. My minister is Rev. Mr. Burris, Ansonville, North Carolina. Mrs. Grace Handcock, Ansonville, North Carolina.

17. I wish to thank those who sent me reading in the past year. I should be so glad if some one would send me books and magazines for another year; and should also be glad of any kind of scrap-pieces for patchwork. I have five little children,—three boys and two girls. The baby is just a month old. I have been sick all summer. Mrs. P. L. Robertson, Callaway, Virginia.

18. "The Blazed Trail" and "Rhoda Thornton's Girlhood" are asked for by Bertha Messick, Bowling Green, De Soto County, Florida.

19. I wish to thank those who have remembered us this year. I ask for the following books: "St. Nicholas"; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or a Fourth and Fifth Reader (school books). Any kind of scraps for patchwork will be greatly appreciated. My little children would be pleased to get cards. Address Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Box 22.

20. Mrs. Tom Hancock, Timmons ville, South Carolina, asks for "Common Sense in the Poultry Yard," "Swinton's Second and Third Reader," "How to Talk," and "How to Speak and Write Correctly."

21. The last time I wrote I asked for a recitation for our boy, and I promised to let you know if he won. He won first place in the County and first place in the District! That gave him a trip to our State Capital. He lost the prize there; but the trip was worth so much to him! I thank you all very much. I want to ask for *McCall's Magazine*, or any good fashion magazine. I make over and remodel our clothes and I need something to help me out sometimes. We have four boys and one girl and our nephew, all in school but one. He is four years old. The oldest is six-

teen. We live on the farm. Mrs. Wade Owen, Athens, Texas, Route 2, Box 133.

22. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Elamsville, Virginia, lives in a new and thinly settled neighborhood and gets very lonely. She asks for silk scraps for patchwork, *The Cheerful Letter*, and good reading for the girl that stays with her. She has no mother.

23. Mrs. Lucy Jones, Bassett, Virginia, will appreciate magazines or books for herself and husband, both recovering from a long illness of typhoid.

24. Please send me some good reading. I should like to have "Faithful Shirley" and some reading for my boy, who is sixteen. I am a woman of sixty-three. All my children are gone and we live at a lonely place. Please send some reading that will cheer my boy; he is lonely, too. Mrs. Mary S. Sowharn, Sandidges, Virginia.

25. I wish to thank the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* for the good books and papers they have sent to me. I was very much interested in a paper sent to me some time ago treating of "Spiritism and Spiritual Communication." This is new to me. Will some one send me some book or paper on Spiritualism? Also I should like to get something on Christian Science. Benj. F. Capps, Hendersonville, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 112.

26. "Through One Administration" or good magazines will be appreciated by Miss M. B. Landis, Oxford, North Carolina.

27. *Youth's Companion* and a story magazine are asked for by Mrs. M. T. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia.

28. Mrs. Della Haynes, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for reading for herself and six children, three boys and three girls (ages not given).

29. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, R. F. D., Methuen, Mass., would be glad if some one could send her a life of Tolstoi and a volume called "What Tolstoi Taught."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TRAINING THE FEELINGS.

One may say, broadly speaking, that there are three pathways by which we may approach every human life. In all my experience with children I have never found one who could not be reached by at least one of these three paths,—*feeling, knowing, and willing*. In the first period of a

child's development (from one to seven) the child is a slave to his feelings,—while they last. The child of six gets angry on the playground at recess. He slaps and punches his playmate. At noon I see him going home in great glee, giving this same playmate a ride on his sled. I envy him the power to so easily forgive and forget. Anger and love, sunshine and tears, follow so closely when one is six.

But suppose, knowing the quarrel will be so easily made up, I let it pass, and it is repeated every time the child meets opposition to his wishes. You know the result. The repeated action prompted by the feeling of anger develops a habit, in this case a wrong one. If allowed to continue, the years of young manhood cannot overcome it, even though reason and will are brought to bear.

Suppose feelings of generosity, of kindness and good-will could be so developed that more and more they prompt the acts of the child, until repeated action becomes habit. Much that we most desire would result. Does it mean anything that so often, when people are excusing the apparent selfishness of another, we hear them say, "Oh, well, he is the only child"; or, "Well, she was the baby of the family"? It is a growing conviction with me that the great aim of the teacher of young children is to cultivate by every possible means the *higher feelings*, that they may prompt acts, which, when repeated, shall form habits that need never be broken.

In the second period of development (seven to fourteen) we begin to notice a change in the place which feeling takes in the life of the child. Little by little the feelings are brought under control of the will and the reason as those develop. But they still exist, a mighty motive power. This is a fact we too often forget. The desire for praise, the longing to excel, the worship of heroes, all indicate the important place they hold. These natural desires may be wisely used for the highest welfare of the child.

In the third period (fourteen to twenty-one) the feelings become more and more the servants of the intellect and the will. In your plans you must take advantage of the knowledge your scholars have, increase that by the new facts you are able to bring, and appeal so strongly to reason and will that they must react upon the feelings and call them also into co-operation, thus inspiring your pupil to new forms of activity.

Jesus did that often. When he healed

the man with the withered hand and they criticised him, see how he appealed to their reason: "What man shall there be of you, that shall have one sheep, and if this fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? Wherefore, it is lawful to do good on the sabbath day." A few sentences, but a model teaching lesson. "Surely he must have come from God," they said, and (the reason reacting upon the feelings) many "followed him."

In all periods of development we have one great aid to the cultivation of the feelings, in *the story*. Learn to use it. From your own reading of the best in prose and poem, give them stories to *make them feel*. There is no more encouraging phrase than that one so familiar to you who tell stories: "I'd like to be the girl you told about!" "My, that boy was awful brave. I'd like to be him!"

All the feelings are a strong part of human nature. I must take the feeling of anger and turn it into right channels; take the feeling of fear and make it fear of the low, cowardly, and mean. The right kind of stories must certainly awaken right feelings; feelings supply motives for actions; so they are of the utmost importance in forming character. Heart and brain go to make the best character, and neither alone is sufficient.—*Margaret Slattery in Talks with the Training Class.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

An American lieutenant, serving with the Red Cross in France, tells this story of a bit of work not included in the official reports:—

A wounded dog came into our outpost here, about ten days ago. He limped in on three legs about 6 P.M. with a shrapnel wound in his right fore leg about three inches long and open to the bone. I immediately started to get busy in his behalf, but I found all the men there as much interested in him as I. One got hot water, another antiseptic gauze, and a third iodine.

He knew we wanted to help him. I talked to him and kept my hands around his jaws so he could not bite, and another chap cleansed and bandaged it and then the old dog wagged his tail in good shape. We put him on a mattress in the tent and gave him some water, for he was very thirsty. In the morning I went into the tent and

found him still there. We redressed the wound and then examined him carefully, found the cushions (or pads) of his left hind foot badly lacerated, one cut being one-half inch long and three-fourths inch deep. We dressed that and then one of the boys got him some food. He hadn't moved all night, so we put him on a blanket and carried him out into the sun. He hobbled about a bit then went back to bed.

That afternoon a couple of the boys coaxed him up to the barracks' tent and one of them gave him half his bed for three days and nights. Then he improved rapidly so he got about more each day, though spending a lot of time each day near a hot stove.

About three days ago he disappeared and today I ran across him up near the fighting lines, from which place he was probably hobbling when he read (?) the American Red Cross sign, and decided to pay us a visit. I spoke to him, and he came up to me wagging his tail as though he really recognized me.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

A NEW EMPLOYEE ON THE PAYROLL.

One day a forlorn little cat came slipping into the warehouse of a wholesale grocery company in Kansas City. She was sooty and shabby and thin and very much afraid. She crept about from one hiding-place to the other, finally disappearing for a while only to reappear with a limp rat hanging from her mouth. After that she came every day and never failed to catch and carry away a rat.

From the warehouse word of her doings went to the office, reaching even the little private office of the Boss and from him who must be obeyed came an order: "That cat is not to be teased or frightened—she is all right; she is loyal. She is conserving more food than ten like her would eat. She is to be fed and encouraged. I am O.-K.'ing an expense account for her."

This order hardly got around the house before Mrs. Cat appeared with a plump kitten carried by the neck. She placed it on the floor to take a long breath, and looked about to see how it was received. It was a pretty, well-fed little thing, in striking contrast to the mother. Fearless and cheerful it was, too, catching at the sunshine and running after the mother cat's tail. Before the end of the day the cat had brought five kittens. Now the Big Boss extended his order to cover them, emphasizing it with: "We won't have any Hun tricks around here. See that those cats are taken care of.

I guess there are some women who could learn a needed lesson from the way that cat forgot herself and took care of her family under difficulties and in the face of danger."—*H. H. Jacobs, Kansas City, in Our Four-footed Friends.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

These stories of an ancient hero-king of Britain were for many centuries told and retold without being written down. Then, between four and five hundred years ago, Sir Thomas Malory made a book of the familiar tales. The quaint, old-fashioned language of the stories gives them an added charm.

It befell, in the days of the noble Uther Pendragon, when he was king of England, that there was born to him a son, who in after time became King Arthur. Howbeit, the boy knew not that he was the king's son. For, when he was but a babe, the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in rich cloth-of-gold, and deliver him to a poor man at the gate of the castle. The child was carried unto Sir Ector, who made an holy man to christen him, and he was called Arthur; and Sir Ector's wife nourished him. Within two years King Uther fell sick and died. Then stood the realm in great danger a long while, for every lord made himself strong, and many a one thought to be king in Uther's place. By the counsel of a wise old man called Merlin, all the lords of England came together in the greatest church of London on Christmas morn, before it was day, to see if God would not show by some miracle who should be king.

When their prayers were done, there was seen in the churchyard a great stone, four-square, and in the midst thereof an anvil of steel, a foot in height, and therein stuck a fair sword; and letters of gold were written about the sword that said: "WHOSO PULLETH THIS SWORD OUT OF THE STONE AND ANVIL IS THE RIGHT-BORN KING."

All the lords went to behold the stone and the sword stuck therein. And, when they saw the writing, some who desired to be king tried to draw out the sword. But none could stir nor move it. The archbishop said: "He who is destined to draw out the sword is not yet here. But doubt not God will yet make him known. Meanwhile let ten noble knights guard the sword until the true king shall appear."

It happened upon New Year's Day that many knights went to a great tournament, hoping that there the true king should be discovered. With the rest Sir Ector rode,

and with him his son, Sir Kay, and young Arthur his foster-son. Sir Kay had left his sword behind, and prayed young Arthur to go and fetch it. "That will I willingly do," said Arthur, and he rode fast back to the castle; but the sword of Sir Kay was not to be found.

Then said young Arthur to himself: "My brother, Sir Kay, shall not be this day without a sword. I will go to the churchyard and fetch the sword that sticketh in the stone." So, when he came to the churchyard, he alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and looked for the knights who should guard the place; but they were all gone to the tournament. So he took the sword by the handle, and lightly and fiercely he pulled it out of the stone. And he mounted his horse once more, and rode to Sir Kay, and delivered to him the sword.

When Sir Ector beheld that sword, he knew whose it was. "How got you this sword?" said he to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword and found it not, I thought my brother should not this day be shamed for lack of a blade, so I came to the churchyard and pulled this one out of the stone."

"Now," said Sir Ector, "I understand. It is you who must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I?" demanded Arthur.

"Sir," said Ector, "never could any man draw out this sword but he that shall rightfully be king of this land." And Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down.

"Alas," said Arthur, "mine own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur; it is not so. I was never your father nor even of your blood. I know well you must be of higher blood than mine. But will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king?"

"Else were I much to blame," said Arthur; "for ye are the man in all the world to whom I am most beholden. If truly it be God's will that I rule as king, ye shall desire of me whatever I may do, and I shall not fail you."

Then they went unto the archbishop and told him. And he summoned all the knights and nobles. And the common people cried: "We will have Arthur for our king. It is God's will." And Arthur took the sword in his hands and offered it upon the altar in the church. And the coronation was made, and there was he sworn to be a true king; to stand for true justice all the days of his life.

After some time it befell that King Arthur said to Merlin, the wise man, "My

barons will that I take a wife, but I will take none without thy counsel."

"It is well done," said Merlin, "that ye take a wife; for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now is there any fair lady that ye love better than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenevere, the daughter of the king of the land of Camelyard. And this damsel is the gentlest and fairest lady that I know living or that ever I could find."

And Merlin went forth to king Leodogrance of Camelyard, and told him of this desire of King Arthur to have his daughter Guenevere for a wife. "This is to me," said King Leodogrance, "the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess should wed my daughter. As for my lands, I would give him of those if it pleased him, but I know he hath lands enough already and needeth none; I will send him a gift that shall please him still more. I will give him the Table Round, which was once in the hall of Uther Pendragon. When that Table is full there are a hundred and fifty good knights around it. I have only a hundred knights myself for I lack fifty, so many have been slain in the wars."

So King Leodogrance delivered his daughter Guenevere to Merlin to become the bride of King Arthur. And he sent also the Table Round, with one hundred knights, good men and true. And there rode by land and they rode by water, all right royally, till they came to London.

When King Arthur met them, he said: "This fair lady is passing welcome to me, for I have loved her long, and nothing in the world could be so pleasing to me as to make her my queen. And these good knights and true, with the Round Table, please me more than great riches." And in all haste the king did give orders for the marriage and for the queen's coronation, in the most honorable and noble manner that could be devised.

"Now, Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and find me in all this land the fifty knights which be the most brave and true men." And Merlin found not all the number, but lacked two. The bishop came and blessed the Round Table and the seats about it and the knights assembled with great loyalty. And they all did due homage to their lord the king. And after that they were gone, it was found that golden letters shone on each seat, telling the name of each noble knight to whom a seat belonged. But two seats were empty and bore no names.

"What is the cause," asked King Arthur of wise Merlin, "that two seats should stand empty?"

"Sir," said Merlin, "there shall sit one day, men who are truest and noblest of all. But one of these is the Seat Perilous. If any man unworthy of that place shall dare to take it, he will be destroyed."

Then King Arthur took by the hand valiant Pellinore, and made him the owner of one seat: for he also was a good knight and loyal and true. But in the Seat Perilous no man durst sit. All did wait for a sign from heaven, to show who should some day be worthy to take that last vacant place.—

Adapted from Sidney Lanier.

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 238 Willow Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

IN WAR-WORN FRANCE.

What Places Somewhat Shaken Up?

1. Canny: One of the finest French manufacturing towns, with university, cathedral, and other notable features.

2. Hilly Cant: A town on the Nouette, formerly renowned for its laces.

3. Teach a Hurry Tie: Birthplace of La Fontaine.

4. Loan: A stronghold famed for its artichokes and asparagus.

5. A Rude Box: One of the chief ports.

6. Fee at Lunch: A town known for its cheese.

7. Sea Millers: A great manufacturing and commercial port founded by the Greeks about 600 B.C.

—*The Wellspring.*

II.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To one-fourth of Ohio add one-fifth of Paris, one-fifth of Perth, one-fourth of Peru, one-sixth of Albany, three-sevenths of Newport, one-fourth of York, two-sixths of Easton, one-sixth of France, and make a form of greeting.

III.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. A vegetable.
3. What every one rejoices for.
4. A small spot.
5. A vowel.

IV.

TWISTED BOOKS.

1. Lncue Sotm bcnai.
2. Tellit Enowm.
3. Bca dna Sacbobe.
4. Danpikdep.

BROKEN WORDS.

V.

Break a form of architecture into a kind of fairy and fashionable; dulness into an animal and nation; a gift into a command to accomplish and a people; a poem into a relationship and a covering; a journey into a narrow path and what we all attain; an herb into a piece of money and that what is majestic; a government official into an erect timber and a director; a covering into a vehicle and slight peevishness.

—*Selected.*

VI.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In pie, but not in cake.
In meat, but not in soup.
In candy, but not in pudding.
In lettuce, but not in fruit.
In water, but not in milk.
My *whole* is enjoyed by all.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE: Christmas.

II. CORONATIONS AND CROWNS: Alexander the Great, Godfrey de Bouillion, William I. of Germany, Queen Mary, Diocletian, Henry II. of France, George IV., Theodosius the Great, Cleopatra.

III. KING'S MOVE PUZZLE: 29, 22, 30, 38, 47, 55, 62, 63, 64, 56, 48, 40, 32, Christmas tree; 39, 31, 24, 16, 23, candy; 15, 8, 7, 14, 6, 5, camera; 4, 13, 20, 27, 28, knife; 36, 35, 44, 37, sled; 45, 54, 46, 53, 61, dolls; 60, 52, 59, 51, tops; 58, 49, 57, 50, 43, 42, jig saw; 41, 34, 25, 33, 26, books; 18, 17, 10, 1, 9, games; 2, 3, 11, 19, 12, 21, orange.

IV. RIDDLES: 1. Heat, because you can catch cold. 2. Because he shrinks from washing. 3. Because the seeds are planted in the spring. 4. The room for improvement.

Réverence is the soul of religion. When that is gone, there is little left, with which God can be pleased. Where nothing is sacred, everything becomes common, even God himself.—*Lutheran.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing," the call for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. T. G. Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City.